

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

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BY JOHN GAY.
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THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

MONDAY: or, THE SQABBLE. ***

Lobbin Clout.

Thy younglings, Cuddy, are but just awake,
No thrustles shrill the bramble-bush forsake,
No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes,
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cot so rear?

Cuddy. Ah! Lobbin Clout, I ween my plight is guest,
For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
If swains belye not thou hast prov'd the smart,
And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart.
This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind;
Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind:
And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

Lob.Clout. Ah! Blouzelind, I love thee more by half,
Than does their fawns or cows the new-fall'n calf:
Woe worth the tongue, may blisters sore it gall,
That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

Cud. Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
 Lest blisters sore on thy own tongue arise.
 Lo, yonder, Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
 The wisest lout of all the neighb'ring plain!
 From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall or winds arise:
 He taught us erst the heifer's tail to view,
 When stuck aloft, that show'rs would straight ensue
 He first that useful secret did explain,
 That pricking corns foretold the gathering rain:
 When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,
 He told us that the welkin would be clear.
 Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,
 And praise his sweetheart, in alternate verse:
 I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,
 That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

Lob. Clout. See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with
 Made of the skin of sleekest fallow-deer; [hair
 This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,
 I'll wager, that the prize shall be my due.

Cud. Begin thy carols, then, thou vaunting slouch,
 Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch.

Lob. Clout. My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,
 Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass,
 Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
 Fair is the daisie that beside her grows;
 Fair is the gilliflow'r, of gardens sweet,
 Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet;
 But Blouzelind's than gilliflow'r more fair,
 Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

Cud. My brown Buxoma is the featest maid
 That e'er at wake delightsome gambol play'd;
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound,
 And my cur Tray play deftest feats around;

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But neither lamb, nor kid, nor calf, nor Tray,
Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

Lob. Clout. Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
Of her bereft, 't is winter all the year.

With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
In winter, when she 's nigh, with love I glow.
Come, Blouzelinda! ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow, and my winter's fire!

Cud. As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay,
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if happily she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweetheart kind! my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday.

Lob. Clout. As Blouzelinda in a gamesome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I slyly ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I 'm bold to say,
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

Cud. As my Buxoma, in a morning fair,
With gentle finger strok'd her milky care,
I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 't is true,
She frown'd, yet after granted one or two.
Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cow's.

Lob. Clout. Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's
Of Irish swains potatoe is the cheer; [dear,
Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind:
While she loves turnips, butter I 'll despise,
Nor leeks, nor oatmeal, nor potatoe prize.

Cud. In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
The capon fat delights his dainty wife;
Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.
While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

..>>>..>>>..

Lob. Clout. As once I play'd at Blind man's-buff, it hapt
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt:
I miss'd the swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind.
True speaks the ancient proverb, "Love is blind."

Cud. As at Hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown,
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

Lob. Clout. On two near elms the slacken'd cord I hung;
Now high, now low, my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rumpled garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose.

Cud. Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And myself pois'd against the tott'ring maid:
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell;
I spy'd—but faithful sweathearts never tell.

Lob. Clout. This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles every swain;
What flower is that which bears the Virgin's name*,
The richest metal joined with the same?

Cud. Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight;
What flower is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the Virgin †, and 't is strown on graves?

Cloddipole. Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. [strains;
But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of Goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They 're weary of your songs—and so am I.

* Marygold.

† Rosemary.

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TUESDAY:

or,

THE DITTY.

O

Marian.

Young Colin Clout, a lad of peerless meed,
Full well could dance, and deftly tune the reed;
In ev'ry wood his carols sweet were known,
At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.
When in the ring the rustic routs he threw,
The damsels' pleasures with his conquests grew;
Or when aslant the cudgel threats his head,
His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,
But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,
The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain.
Marian, that soft could stroke the udder'd cow,
Or lessen with her sieve the barley-mow:
Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
But Marian now, devoid of country cares,
Nor yellow butter nor sage-cheese prepares;
For yearning love the witless maid employs,
And love, say swains, all busy heed destroys.
Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
A lass that Cic'ly hight had won his heart,
Cic'ly, the western lass, that tends the kee,
The rival of the parson's maid was she,
In dreary shade now Marian lies along,
And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song:
Ah! woful day! ah woful noon and morn!
When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,

Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were silly, but more silly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart;
 They lost but fleeces, while I lost a heart.

Ah! Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true;
 What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
 Will she thy linen wash or hosen darn,
 And knit thee gloves made of her own spun yarn?
 Will she with husewife's hand provide thy meat,
 And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait?
 Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
 In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where'er I gad I cannot hide my care,
 My new disasters in my look appear.
 White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
 So thin my features that I 'm hardly known;
 Our neighbours tell me oft', in joking talk,
 Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran, and chalk;
 Unwittingly of Marian they divine,
 And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine:
 Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
 Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 't was Marian's dear delight
 To toil all day, and merry-make at night.
 If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
 Your early breakfast is my constant care;
 And when with even hand you strow the grain,
 I fright the thievish rooks from off the plain.
 In misling days when I my thresher heard,
 With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
 Lost in the music of the whirling flail,
 To gaze on thee I left the smoking pail:
 In harvest, when the sun was mounted high,
 My leathern bottle did thy drought supply;
 Whene'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
 And have full oft' been sun-burnt for thy sake;
 When in the welkin gathering show'rs were seen,
 I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;

And when at eve returning with thy carr,
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
Straight on the fire the sooty pot I plac'd,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf,
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah! love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
I, near yon' stile, three sallow gypsies met:
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook;
They said that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock.
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel whilst thou wert kind:
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure night, or noon, or morn.
Help me, ye gypsies! bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

Have not I sate with thee full many a night,
When dying embers were our only light,
When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lie,
Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I?
No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake
I bought the costly present for thy sake,
Couldst thou spell o'er the poesie on thy knife,
And with another change thy state of life?
If thou forgett'st, I wot, I can repeat,
My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
So is thy image on this heart of mine.
But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

WEDNESDAY:

or,

THE DUMPS.

—•••••

Sparabella.

The wailings of a maiden I recite,
 A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
 Such strains ne'er warble in the linnet's throat,
 Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note.
 No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
 No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray;
 No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
 While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey! lend an ear or twain,
 Nor, tho' in homely guise, my verse disdain;
 Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
 Whether thy Muse does at Newmarket run,
 Or does with gossips at a feast regale,
 And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
 Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice,
 Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in ev'ry voice;
 Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
 Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
 And oxen laid at rest forget the goad;
 The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his spade,
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
 When Sparabella, pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and straight with doleful guise
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier Clumsilis put on:
 Sure if he had eyes (but Love they say has none),
 I whilom by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah! well-a-day! I 'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
 'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumsilis with me compare?
 View this, ye Lovers! and like me despair.
 Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are borne;
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink would strait go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:

No huswifery the dowdy creature knew;
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,
 'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

I 've often seen my visage in yon' lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make.
 Tho' Clumsilis may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black sloe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with every blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion 's like the wither'd leek,
 While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.
 Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
 And by her gain poor Sparabell's undone!
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clucking hen make friendship with the kite;
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose,
 And join in wedlock with the waddling goose,
 For Love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.


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My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,  
 'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,  
 And speckled mackerels graze the meadows fair;  
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,  
 And the slow ass on trees, like squirrels, play;  
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,  
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,  
 'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,  
 When late I met the 'Squire in yonder wood!  
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,  
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;  
 My lip he kiss'd and prais'd my healthful look,  
 Then from a purse of silk a guinea took;  
 Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,  
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.  
 He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,  
 Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;  
 But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee,  
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,  
 'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence love his rise begun;  
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son,  
 Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,  
 Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.  
 The father only silly sheep annoys,  
 The son the sillier shepherdess destroys.  
 Does son or father greater mischief do?  
 The sire is cruel, so the son is too.

My plaint, ye Lasses! with this burthen aid,  
 'T is hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewell, ye Woods! ye Meads! ye Streams! that  
 A sudden death shall rid me of my wo. [flow;  
 This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.  
 What shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!



..p..p..d..d..

No—To some tree this carcase I 'll suspend :  
But worrying curs find such untimely end !  
I 'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool  
On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,  
That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding quean ;  
Yet sure a lover should not die so mean !  
There plac'd aloft, I 'll rave and rail by fits,  
Tho' all the parish say I 've lost my wits ;  
And thence, if courage holds, myself I 'll throw,  
And quench my passion in the lake below.

Ye Lasses ! cease you burthen, cease to moan,  
And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

The sun was set ; the night came on apace,  
And falling dews bewet around the place,  
The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,  
And the hoarse owl his woful dirges sings ;  
The prudent maiden deems it now too late,  
And till to-morrow comes defers her fate.

## THURSDAY:

or,

## THE SPELL.

\*\*\*

*Hobnelia.*

Hobnelia, seated in a dreary vale,  
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous tale,  
Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,  
And pining echo answers groan for groan.

I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,  
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!  
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,  
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;  
The maiden fine bedight his love retains,  
And for the village he forsakes the plains.  
Return, my Lubberkin! these ditties hear,  
Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year I heard the cuckoo sing,  
And call with welcome note the budding spring,  
I straightway set a running with such haste,  
Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast;  
Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,  
Upon a rising bank I sat adown,  
Then doff'd my shoe, and, by my troth, I swear,  
Therein I spy'd this yellow frizzled hair,  
As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,  
As if upon his comely pate it grew.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

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At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,  
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought;  
I scatter'd round the seed on every side,  
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd,  
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,  
Who shall my true-love be the crop shall mow.  
I straight look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,  
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind  
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find,  
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,  
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away;  
A-field I went, amid the morning dew,  
To milk my kine (for so should huswives do)  
Thee first I spy'd; and the first swain we see,  
In spite of fortune, shall our true-love be.  
See, Lubberkin! each bird his partner take,  
And canst thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail,  
That might my secret lover's name reveal;  
Upon a gooseberry-bush a snail I found,  
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound.  
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,  
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread:  
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell,  
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious *L*:  
Oh! may this wondrous omen lucky prove!  
For *L* is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,  
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name:  
This with the loudest bounce me sore amaz'd,  
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.



As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow,  
For 't was thy nut that did so brightly glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peasecods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see  
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,  
Which when I cropp'd, I safely home convey'd,  
And o'er the door the spell in secret laid;  
My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,  
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;  
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,  
But, in his proper person,—Lubberkin.  
I broke my yarn, surpris'd the sight to see,  
Sure sign that he would break his word with me.  
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted slight;  
So may again his love with mine unite!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,  
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.  
Fly, lady-bird, north, south, or east, or west,  
Fly where the man is found that I love best.  
He leaves my hand; see to the west he 's flown,  
To call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This mellow pippin which I pare around,  
My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground:  
I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,  
Upon the grass a perfect *L* is read;  
Yet on my heart a fairer *L* is seen  
Than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another trial make;  
See from the core two kernels brown I take;  
This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,  
And Boobyclod on t' other side is borne:

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,  
A certain token that his love's unsound,  
While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last;  
Oh! were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,  
I twitch'd his dangling garter from his knee;  
He wist not when the hempen string I drew;  
Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;  
Together fast I tye the garters twain,  
And while I knit the knot repeat this strain;  
Three times a true-love's knot I tie secure,  
Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day  
To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay;  
I made my market long before 't was night,  
My purse grew heavy, and my basket light.  
Straight to the 'pothecary's shop I went,  
And in love-powder all my money spent;  
Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers,  
When to the alehouse Lubberkin repairs,  
These golden flies into his mug I 'll throw,  
And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,  
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

But hold—our Lightfoot barks, and cocks his ears,  
O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.  
He comes! he comes! Hobnelia's not bewray'd,  
Nor shall she, crown'd with willow, die a maid.  
He vows, he swears, he 'll give me a green gown;  
Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown!

## FRIDAY:

or,

## THE DIRGE.

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*Bumkinet.*

Why, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?  
 There 's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.  
 'T is true, yon' oaks with yellow tops appear,  
 And chilly blasts begin to nip the year.  
 From the tall elm a shower of leaves is borne,  
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn;  
 Yet even this season pleasance blithe affords;  
 Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.  
 Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,  
 Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy soul.

*Grub.* Ah! Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert  
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown; [gone,  
 Should I reveal my grief, 't would spoil thy cheer,  
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

*Bumk.* Hang sorrow! let 's to yonder hut repair,  
 And with trim sonnets cast away our care.  
 Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,  
 Thou sing'st most sweet "O'er hills and far away."  
 Of Patient Grissel I devise to sing,  
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring.  
 Come, Grubbinol! beneath this shelter come,  
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

*Grub.* Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,  
 But with my woe shall distant vallies ring;  
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,  
 For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead.

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*Bumk.* Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell, my glee!  
No happiness is now reserv'd for me.  
As the wood pigeon coos without his mate,  
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate.  
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,  
The peerless maid that did all maids excel.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,  
And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;  
The rolling streams with wat'ry grief shall flow,  
And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.  
Henceforth, as oft' as autumn shall return,  
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn:  
This season quite shall strip the country's pride,  
For 't was in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd.

Where'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,  
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows, our passion knew.  
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,  
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.  
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide,  
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;  
There I remember how her faggots large  
Were frequently these happy shoulders' charge.  
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,  
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;  
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,  
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay,  
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,  
And whistled all the way—or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,  
I shall her goodly countenance espy,  
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,  
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.  
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,  
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound.  
Whilom I've seen her skim the clouded cream,  
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.  
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more  
The whining swine surround the dairy door:



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No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,  
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.  
Lament, ye swine! in grunting spend your grief,  
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,  
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,  
The poultry there will seem around to stand,  
Waiting upon her charitable hand:

No succour meet the poultry now can find,  
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon' barley-mow I pass,  
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.  
I pitch the sheaves (oh! could I do so now)  
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.  
There every deale my heart by love was gain'd,  
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd:  
Ah! Blouzelind! that mow I ne'er shall see,  
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields! and rueful symptoms show,  
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;  
Let weeds intsead of butter-flowers appear,  
And meads instead of daisies hemlock bear;  
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,  
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid! is dead.  
Lament, ye swains! and o'er her grave bemoan,  
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone;  
"Here Blouzelinda lies—alas, alas!

"Weep shepherds!—and remember flesh is grass."

*Grub.* Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear  
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear,  
Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth,  
Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;  
Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay;  
Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the wether's bell  
Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;  
The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,  
And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd:



The boding raven on her cottage sate,  
And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;  
The lambkin, which her wonted tendence bred,  
Dropp'd on the plains that fatal instant dead;  
Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,  
Which erst I saw when Goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate?  
While on her darling's bed her mother sate,  
These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,  
And of the dead let none the will revoke:

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,  
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;  
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn  
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;  
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,  
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.  
Yet, ere I die—see, mother, yonder shelf,  
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf.  
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid, -  
Be ten the parson's for my sermon paid:  
The rest is your's—my spinning-wheel and rake  
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake:  
My new straw hat, that 's trimly lin'd with green,  
Let Peggy wear, for she 's a damsel clean:  
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,  
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:  
Three silver pennies and a nine-pence bent,  
A token kind, to Bumkinet be sent.  
Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd,  
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near  
Follow'd, with wistful look, the damsel's bier.  
Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore,  
While dismally the parson walk'd before.  
Upon her grave the rosemary they threw,  
The daisy, butter-flow'r, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,  
That none could tell whose turn would be the next,

He said that Heaven would take her soul, no doubt,  
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,  
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung;  
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,  
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,  
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,  
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.  
Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,  
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm;  
For Gaffer Treadwell told us by the bye,  
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,  
Or lasses with soft stroaking milk the cow;  
While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,  
Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire;  
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,  
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts in melancholy strain,  
Till bonny Susan sped across the plain:  
They seiz'd the lass, in apron clean array'd,  
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid.  
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,  
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

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## SATURDAY:

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## THE FLIGHTS.

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*Bowzybeus.*

Sublimier strains, O rustic muse! prepare;  
Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;  
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,  
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;  
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,  
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'T was in the season when the reapers' toil  
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;  
Wide thro' the field was seen a goodly rout,  
Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about;  
The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow  
Cut down the labours of the winter-plough.  
To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,  
She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd;  
Whate'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen,  
And merry reapers what they list will ween.  
Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,  
That echo answer'd from the distant hill;  
The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,  
Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd,  
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;  
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,  
Or with the rosin'd bow torment the string;  
That Bowzybeus who with fingers' speed  
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;

That Bowzybeus who with jocund tongue,  
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung.  
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,  
And in disport surround the drunken wight.

Ah! Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?  
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong;  
Thou shouldst have left the fair before 't was night,  
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,  
And kiss'd, with smacking lip, the snoring lout;  
For custom says, whoe'er this venture proves,  
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.  
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,  
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.  
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke  
The sneering swains with stammering speech bespoke.  
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;  
As for the maids—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,  
But lads and lasses round about him throng.  
Not ballad-singer plac'd above the crowd  
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;  
Nor parish-clerk who calls the psalm so clear,  
Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear.

Of nature's laws his carols first began,  
Why the grave owl can never face the sun;  
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,  
And only sing and seek their prey by night:  
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,  
And how the closing coleworts upward grow;  
How Will-a-wisp misleads night-faring clowns  
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs:  
Of stars he told, that shoot with shining trail,  
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail:  
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,  
And in what climates they renew their breed:  
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,  
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend:

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Where swallows in the winter's season keep,  
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep :  
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,  
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose :  
For huntsmen, by their long experience, find,  
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind.

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,  
For still new fairs before his eyes arose :  
How pedlars' stalls with glittering toys are laid,  
The various fairings of the country maid :  
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,  
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine :  
How the tight lass, knives, combs, and scissars spies,  
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes :  
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,  
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold :  
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,  
And all the fair is crowded in his song :  
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells  
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells ;  
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,  
And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings ;  
Jack-Pudding, in his party-colour'd jacket,  
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet :  
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,  
Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung The Children in the Wood ;  
Ah ! barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood !  
How blackberries they pluck'd in desarts wild,  
And fearless at the glitt'ring faulchion smil'd :  
Their little corpse the robin-red-breasts found,  
And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.  
Ah ! gentle birds ! if this verse lasts so long,  
Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,  
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell  
What woful wars in Chevy-chace befell,

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When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,  
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!  
Ah! With'rington! more years thy life had crown'd,  
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!  
Yet shall the Squire who fought on bloody stumps,  
By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,  
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:  
How the grave brother stood on bank so green;  
Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,  
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of Taffey Welch, and Sawney Scot,  
Lilly-bullero, and the Irish Trot.

Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,  
Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore;  
The bower of Rosamond, or Robin Hood,  
And how the grass now grows where Troytown stood?

His carols ceas'd; the list'ning maids and swains  
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.  
Sudden he rose, and as he reels along,  
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.  
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown  
Again upon a wheatsheaf drops adown;  
The pow'r that guards the drunk his sleep attends,  
Till ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

END OF THE SHEPHERD'S WEEK.

